

ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL.

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FRANKLIN RAND, AGENT.

BOSTON AND PORTLAND, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1850.

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OFFICE, NO. 7 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

For the Herald and Journal.

LINES

On the death of Mrs. Sarah Maria Stone, wife of Dorus L. Stone, who died Feb. 27, 1850.

Oh! soft are the breezes that over thee flow,
And sweet are the roses that silently blow,
And green is the turf that around thee is spread,
As the fragrance of summer blooms over thy head.

Beside thee they loved one* in quietude sleeps,
And oft on his pillow a lone father weeps;
Long, lone and bereft of the joy of his heart,
Ah, who to his bosom can pleasure impart?

Sad tears are bedewing thy pillow to-day,
And hearts that have loved thee now mourn on their way,
While the sweet birds are singing their song in the sky,
And the drops of the dew on the fair blossom lie;

Mid the fragrance and beauty of summer perfume,
The yearning heart turns to the desolate tomb;

They mourn, though submission sits on the pale brow,

And hope like an anchor upholds them now;

Yet the heart thou didst gladden with the light of thy smile.

Is lone to the mother that weeps for her child.

We know that life's struggle with thee now is past,—
That the joy thou art tasting forever doth last;

No sickness, no sorrow can trouble thee now;

Nor the dark clouds of sin cast a shade on thy bony;

A crown brighter far than earth ever knew,

Like the stars in their brilliance so lovely to view,

So pure is the lustre encircling thy head;

And paved with bright gold are the streets thou dost tread;

The raiment is white as the glittering sun;

Life's battle is o'er the victory won.

Springfield, Mass., 1850.

B. S. HALL.

*An infant son who died July 26, 1849.

For the Herald and Journal.

LETTER FROM THE VALLEY OF THE CONNECTICUT.

BRO. STEVENS.—One of my favorite rambles while I am resting in my Green Mountain vale is to the "Glen," a narrow ravine with a noisy brook at its bottom. Five years ago this "Glen" was pointed out to me as I was resting here, and several times since then I have repaired to it; till it has grown to be a friend, and in fact an old associate. The Glen and I, (for I really feel that it has an intelligent spirit in its rugged cliffs,) have come to understand each other perfectly. It shouts when I shout, and flatters me most gracefully, it has adopted my peculiar laugh; and I'll warrant that, to hear the Glen ring out a hearty peal of laughter in my most life-like manner, would fairly burst your sides. But so it is—these wild rocks are catching my manners, or else they are most provoking mimics and heartless flatterers. Which is it? I know not why it is, but as I ramble about these mountains everything seems to be enlivened with life. I think I should very easily drink in the poetic spirit of the Greeks, and attribute to every brook, and hill, and tree, a guardian Nymph, Fawn or Dryad—each clad in a divine beauty, and possessing the most companionable qualities. We always want society, and if men are wanting, we find companions, or imagine them, in inanimate nature.

Come with me now down into the "Glen." We will go a few rods down the hill from my present shelter, through the verdant meadow to the bottom of this valley. Here is a clear brook winding among the herbage and rolling its transparent waters over blue and white pebbles. Now let us follow this to the South in its devous course. What a beautiful eddy! How stilly the waters glide! And the blue bands on the bottom, what a deep quietness they give to this pool! And see the bubbles! how sweetly they sit on that gentle bosom, how their gay colors flash, as they slowly ride around on the tide. There went a trout! another flash! and another! How the spotted beauty plays about in the open eddy! Move softly, and let him sport. And now he rises to the surface to catch that venturesome fly. How his scales gleam with crimson and gold! See how he balances himself in the water, and moves his fins and tail in beauty! Another! a third! and a fourth! See them gambol and chase, now rising, now sinking and poising! How lovely is a transparent pool of water, with a summer sun shining upon it, and sporting trout darting through it! That cough of mine, O vexation! A flash in the water and the four trout are gone! Pass on!

Here we come to a pond, and just down below is a mill at the edge of a forest. Now our brook must work. Yankees can afford to have idlers straying across their meadows, and so he is caught and caged, and mustin some way earn his living. But he is good natured about it. See that sweet smile on his face where the sun is looking down upon him, as he lies shut up in the pond! It seems as if he understood the secret of happiness—work to drive away want, and play to bring pleasure. Now he sets his lusty foot on the wheel—hear him sing. Is not that a noble song—the song of the water as he makes the ponderous wheel spin like a toy? And how merrily he laughs now when his work is done!

We enter the woods, keeping still by the brookside. The character of this is now changed. It runs wildly and rapidly and noisily. Now it is compressed between two rocks to an ell's breadth, and now it spreads out over smooth blue and white stones and pebbles to a rod. Here it is wide, and the sunlight falls in through the tree tops. See how the water is braided, and with what a peculiar quivering, darting motion the shadows fall upon the variously tinted bottom! Not a brook in a thousand can show such a scene of beauty. It is as if several distinct and transparent currents of yellow gold, white silver, blue steel, and green emerald were twining and interlacing above a bed of mingled jaspers, topaz and rubies. Now an eddy! and again the braided water on its jeweled bed! And this for a mile. What a morning walk! how cool and quiet! and what a song of praise for my early devotions! The musical brook and the singing birds and the voice of the wind in the tree tops.

*Earth with her ten thousand voices praises God."

Now the hills on each side approach; and here they become two naked cliffs. This is the upper opening of the "Glen." The brook, which we have followed for two miles, first through meadow and sunlight, then into an artificial lake and over the mill wheel, and then among trees and glades; now enters a rocky defile, formed by almost perpendicular cliffs of

mica slate, varying from thirty to one hundred and fifty feet in height, and pursues a winding course along this defile for a half mile, and then emerges into the beautiful meadows of the Green River above Greenfield. This gorge is not above forty feet wide at any one point, and is sometimes contracted to fifteen. The brook has undoubtedly worn its way down through the rock, cutting away the slate and lowering its bed gradually each year. This accounts for the crooked, devious course of the passage; for if it had been a seam in the rock opened by some mighty convulsion, the probability is that its course would have been direct. The fall within this half-mile is about 750 feet, and is broken into a succession of cascades divided from each other by deep eddies with dark blue water, whirling and boiling, or by glassy pools, sometimes protracted to several rods in length. The pathway, when the water in the brook is low, lies along the bed of the stream on the points of rocks; but when the stream is full you must pass along on the top of the left hand cliff. Two days ago I wandered here in the bed of the stream, and looked up to the tall cliffs above with their dense growth of birch and hemlock, crossing their arms above the chasm, and throwing a cool shade upon the foaming brook, in which my feet were dipping. The ceaseless roar of the cascades, the water all broken into snow as it fell over the jagged rocks, the quiet blue eddies, and the absence of all sight or sound of animated life, were really oppressive. Here, thought I, at least, is an emblem of labor at his work in a hidden recess. Here untiring toil has been for centuries at his task. And the result how astonishing! how sublime! The smooth water, so soft that it yields to the breath of the wind, and so nerveless that it is the very emblem of instability—"unstable as water"—has here forced its way down from the summit of that cliff 150 feet through the rock to the bed of this brook. And farther it will go. This calm and yet determined voice—the noise of waters—that fills the glen with monotonous sound, says "Day and night the task of heaving down the mountain and filling up the valley goes on. Ages shall see it and wonder."

But this man is but the representative of a large class of sinners. They would be glad to be Christians—glad to have the Christian's God for their God; but then he requires an entire self-consecration, an unreserved devotion of body, soul and spirit to him, and they are offended. He demands that they "Love the Lord their God with all their heart," and to that extent they are not prepared to go—some little sin they must be indulged in, and so they beg to be excused.

Like Lot, leaving at the command of the angels, the wicked cities of the plain, they plead hard to be allowed to abide in some little Zour, rather than relying wholly upon Christ for protection, flee to the mountains and repair to it; till it has grown to be a friend, and in fact an old associate. The Glen and I, (for I really feel that it has an intelligent spirit in its rugged cliffs,) have come to understand each other perfectly. It shouts when I shout, and flatters me most gracefully, it has adopted my peculiar laugh; and I'll warrant that, to hear the Glen ring out a hearty peal of laughter in my most life-like manner, would fairly burst your sides.

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Yours, once more,
RICHARD RINGWOOD.

For the Herald and Journal.

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

It was the other day that I sat conversing with a man, who, for half a score of years, had been an unhappy backslider, but, in consequence of a short, but severe illness, was, by the kind dealings of Providence, the faithful advice of friends, and the stern admonitions of conscience, brought to consider the evil of his ways, and, to some extent, the exceeding sinfulness of his latter life.

He appeared like one about to return to his Saviour: to him, who "would not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax;" to him, who in melting accents of tender compassion invited him once more to his arms; holding out the same gracious assurance of pardon and forgiveness as at the first; and by which he was in great part, induced in years ago to come to Christ.

He confessed his faults. He confessed even the particular sin, by which he at first had been misled; and which, by constant indulgence, had woven a net-work of habit about his soul,—too strong, as I feared for him, effectually to sunder.

There was but one hope for him, and that was, to form the sober, well-considered resolve, never more "to touch, taste, or handle" the "accursed thing;" and then, for aid in keeping it, to cast himself by faith on Christ.

He confessed his faults. He confessed even the particular sin, by which he at first had been misled; and which, by constant indulgence, had woven a net-work of habit about his soul,—too strong, as I feared for him, effectually to sunder.

The grosser part of his offending habit he would willingly surrender. The major offence he would no more commit; but for the minor—the mere peccadillo—the slight offence, for that he pleaded like a drowning man for a plank. "No! not the least indulgence," was the inexorable and invincible rejoinder. "Total abstinence is the only admissible principle in your case, as, indeed, it is in the case of every sinner. You must surrender yourself to the law of Christ, unconditionally, unreservedly. No more tampering with that sin;—no, not so much as in the slighter shades. Even there the principle of evil would be found at work, as well and as truly as in the grosser practices. It cannot be justified, it must not be allowed."

O, how did that poor sinner plead for a little indulgence, only a little.

But alas! the deceitfulness of sin seemed as if it must have its perfect, or rather imperfect work. The grosser part of his offending habit he would willingly surrender. The major offence he would no more commit; but for the minor—the mere peccadillo—the slight offence, for that he pleaded like a drowning man for a plank. "No! not the least indulgence," was the inexorable and invincible rejoinder. "Total abstinence is the only admissible principle in your case, as, indeed, it is in the case of every sinner. You must surrender yourself to the law of Christ, unconditionally, unreservedly. No more tampering with that sin;—no, not so much as in the slighter shades. Even there the principle of evil would be found at work, as well and as truly as in the grosser practices. It cannot be justified, it must not be allowed."

Those were days of blessedness which I pray may soon return to the church again. Let them dance like David before the ark, and leap like

Alas, how could he cut off that right hand! Gladly would he dismember it. Cheerfully would he lop off finger after finger, only not take the whole hand of offence! How could he pluck out that right eye,—that dear, right eye! He would consent to cover it with dark lenses, to blind it with bandages,—any thing but pluck it out,—that he could not do. No!

No! the operation was too, too painful. He had no grace for its performance; nor would he ask for it. He wanted Christ as the Shepherd and Bishop of his soul; he wanted to return to the flock from whence he had strayed; to be numbered again with the faithful; to be at peace within,—to have "a calm and heavenly frame;" but to gain these by dint of such severe crosses—such fiery ordeals of self-denial, he could not.

The alternative was presented,—to forsake that sin, or to have Christ forsake him forever; but, flattering himself with the monstrous delusion, that he could have and enjoy both, he put me off, and after addressing the throne of grace, in his behalf, I left him myself, deeply impressed in view of this manifestation of the power of sin in the soul, and the difficulty,—the extreme difficulty of breaking the spell of old habits and practices of sin, which for years have been throwing their invisible fetters over the mind; and more disposed than ever to raise ceaselessly the prayer,—"Lead me not into temptation, and deliver me from evil."

But this man is but the representative of a large class of sinners. They would be glad to be Christians—glad to have the Christian's God for their God; but then he requires an entire self-consecration, an unreserved devotion of body, soul and spirit to him, and they are offended.

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MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.
FROM OUR MISSION ROOMS.

CONFERENCE ORGANIZATION.

In our last we intimated our wish to make the friends of Missions and the church generally fully acquainted with the Missionary plan, which is now finding favor with the Conferences. It contains only the few fundamental elements, and leaving the details to each Conference, hence there will be some variations in the minor details. We gave the simplest form of the plan in the last Advocate; we give the form in which it has been adopted by the Maine Conference. We omit such parts of their action as does not immediately involve the plan, as we did in the case of the Vermont and other Conferences.

We are not sure that we will do well to answer the request of the Maine Conference to name their portion of the \$150,000 to be raised this year; yet as they have asked it, we will say, taking the last published General Minutes as the basis of calculation, we find white members and probationers, 632,773; and \$150,000 apportioned among these, amounts nearly as may be, to 24 cents per member. And as there are 10,802 members and probationers in the Maine Conference, their proportion will be, at 24 cents per member, \$2,448.48.

Thus we have made the calculation requested, as far as Maine is concerned; and by multiplying the whole number of white members and probationers in any one Conference by 24 cents, (the average for the whole church,) the proportion for such Conference can be obtained. But we are not of opinion that the Conferences are of equal ability in proportion as they are equal in numbers. We are satisfied they are not. But some can well go above the average of 24 cents a member, while some will fall below, even after they have done well. But we ask attention to the praiseworthy action of the Maine Conference. [Published in the Herald of July 31st.]

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

I have had an opportunity to peruse the Missionary Advocate for August; and I wish the privilege of commanding its perusal to every minister in our church, and to all our principal friends. I am sure if they desire to have accurate and interesting missionary intelligence, they will find it in the Missionary Advocate. Will not our ministers, who are the leaders in their churches and congregations? Will they not command it to them, and receive their subscriptions for it? Eight copies for one dollar: one hundred copies for ten dollars. It is the missionary record of the church; it is not made up entirely of extracts from other periodicals, nor of extracts from our own, and other missions, with statistical missionary intelligence from our own and other missions, to illustrate the missionary cause. It is not designed, except incidentally, for children; but for adults, for the strong, the intelligent, the liberal. I would respectfully suggest that much of the valuable information it contains might well be transferred to our various church papers. We must diffuse missionary intelligence more widely.

PHILADELPHIA.

MISSIONARY GIFTS.—Such they are in the proper sense of the word gift, or offering; not on account of the amount, but of the spirit. "Zachariah" sends us his check for \$200, and an elder brother, if not the oldest brother who has made offerings to the same amount for many years, sends us his check for \$120, a part of which he appropriates to the use of the enterprise for a German Church in Bremen.

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

We reply to the following questions of correspondents:

- Can you supply the back numbers of the Missionary Advocate for the current volume? Yes.
- Do you take subscriptions for less than one year for that paper? No.
- Do subscribers at this date receive the back numbers of the current volume, or run into the volume of the year? They receive the back numbers of the current year.
- Will you send this paper in the same package with the Sunday School Advocate? Yes.

We are happy to say, the subscription list to this paper is running up, but not with such rapidity as will allow our friends to share their efforts while there is a family among us not supplied with it.

An excellent brother writes us, that not a number of it is taken in his society, but that he intends not to be behind in zeal with his neighbors, who are not only supplying their own people with a valuable missionary paper from the American Board, but are supplying their neighbors likewise. May "their zeal provoke very many."

We invite the special attention of Presiding Elders and preachers in charge to the Reports which follow, from our coadjutors in Germany; they may serve to suggest valuable hints for the field which we endeavor to cultivate in this land—

OUR COLPORTEURS IN GERMANY.

REPORT FOR JUNE.

Bro. Poppe reports:— During the past month I have visited about 400 families with my wife, spending time to pray with some of them; others I have invited and exhorted to flee from the wrath to come. I have spoken to a great many, who were under conviction of their sins, and pointed them to Jesus, the Lamb of God. That we know our countrymen is a burden upon a new door; by great many of my countrymen, who embrace the truth, and the truth will make them free. I have conversed with a great number who deny the divinity of Christ; with some of them I have had long conversations on this subject. I have twice been in Bremerhaven, to labor among the emigrants; although their minds are not yet converted, yet their hearts are turned to God; their hearts closed towards God, yet I trust my labor was not in vain. The inhabitants in general attend our meeting, which is held in a dancing saloon, and love our preaching. Even here I have found a few converted persons, who rejoice that the Methodist preachers have come to them. I have sold the following books: 17 Bibles, 1 New Testament, 7 Methodist Hymn Books, 23 different other books; distributed 1,200 tracts, and given away 9 Bibles and 9 Testaments.

Bro. Nahmias reports:— The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ has been with me during the course of another month. I have sold the following books: 11 Bibles, 75 New Testaments, 16 Methodist Hymn Books, 11 Wesley's 42 different other books; to the poor 3 Testaments gratis.

Bro. Nahmias is a very industrious young man, who loves the Lord, and the souls of his countrymen. He accompanies us to our appointments, and invites the people out to meet; no one doubts his sincerity; he will speak to them on the subject of religion, and if he finds no way open to a family, he will not neglect to introduce it to them.

In addition to what these reports show, we have sold 51 Bibles for about \$23, or 47 cents apiece. You may see, therefore, that we are occupied in distributing books, and that we get a reasonable price for them.

CHINA AND GERMAN MISSIONS.—We have received letters from both these missions by the arrivals of this week, but have only time to say now in relation to Germany, Bro. Jacoby writes from Leipzig—being on a visit there—that himself, Dr. M'Clintock, Messrs. Harper, Bishop, Divine and Lady, of Dr. M'C.'s company, were all in good health; and that the presence of the Doctor was making favor for the mission, and for the Doctor, wherever he went.

AFRICA'S LUMINARY.—In answer to occasional inquiries, we say, this paper was discontinued sometime since.

NORTH OHIO CONFERENCE.

I have been here since Friday last. It has, indeed, been an agreeable visit. Yesterday (Sunday) all the churches in town, including the Protestant Episcopal, were open to us, and the pulpit filled by members of the Conference. The impression was delightful on the public mind. To-day the Conference considered the report of the Missionary Committee, and adopted it with great unanimity. It is the same plan which has found such general favor, and been adopted by several Conferences, and published in the Advocate and Journal.

This afternoon, at 2 o'clock, the Conference held its anniversary. The house was crowded, and a fine missionary spirit prevailed. The plate collection was the largest ever taken on such an occasion, and further contributions were made liberally. Indeed, I rather discouraged the pressing of contributions, but they would bring in the money. The treasurer's report showed a large increase in the collections for the year. I think the total will be nearly or quite \$6,000. This Conference will do its part towards the \$150,000.

I received the letter below at the close of the anniversary, with the \$100 in gold. It is from a young brother, a local preacher, who has been teaching at the South. He will be in the service of the Conference next year, probably. He is very desirous to see a mission in

Mexico, and is ready himself to go. He, himself, is already a member of the Parent Society.

J. P. DURRIN, Cor. Sec.

Medina, Ohio, Aug. 12.

Rev. J. P. Durrin, Corresponding Secretary, Dear Brother:— Being in the providence of God, far from home for several years, and having been preserved and prospered, I felt that it was my duty to devote a fair portion of what God hath given me to the missionary cause. Having returned home in safety, I hand you one hundred dollars, having got it out of my pocket so good as to make out life certificates for the following names: Mrs. Orra Reeder, George A. Reeder, Giles A. Reeder, Miss Hulda M. Reeder, Miss Caroline D. Reeder. Respectfully,

GLEZEN A. REEDER.
"Medina, O., Aug. 12."

SAILING OF THE MISSIONARIES.—The Missionaries for Oregon and California, will sail in the Cherokee, Sept. 13th, viz:—

Rev. E. Bannister and family, Rev. S. D. Simonds and wife, Rev. F. S. Hoyt and wife, Rev. M. C. Briggs, and Rev. John Flinn.

It is expected that several of them, if not all, will spend the Sabbath, Sept. 8th, in New York, and preach in some of the churches.

Herald and Journal.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1850.

EDITORIAL LETTER.

Wesleyan University—Course of Study—Lectures—New York—Greenwood Cemetery—Pere la Chaise—Laurel Hill—Montgomery's Monuments—Ornamented Burial—The Chapel Mount—Furness's Monument—Flushing—St. Thomas's Hall—Mr. Gilder—Mr. Strong—A Literary Example.

DEAR BROTHER:—In my last I gave you some account of the commencement exercises at Middletown, and of the deliberations of the Joint Board of Trustees and Visitors. The letter of our correspondent has reached you, I suppose, giving the details of the former; in regard to the latter I would add that a special committee was appointed to investigate the course and method of instruction, and to ascertain if any modification could advantageously be made in them. Two such modifications came under their consideration, and will be adopted. One is an enlargement of the series of studies by the addition of the Law of Nations, Civil Engineering and History. This change was recommended by the Faculty, and will very essentially improve the course. The modification of the method of instruction recommended, was the more frequent delivery of courses of lectures by the professors; this was a subject of much discussion and of such unanimous and emphatic concurrence that I doubt not the Faculty will adopt it promptly and effectively. It is the habitual mode of instruction in European institutions. It admits of a fuller exertion of the abilities of the professor than the method of recitation from text books. It admits also of more vivacity, eloquence, and by consequence more enthusiasm; the student is, therefore, more likely to feel a deeper interest in his studies. The brilliant courses of Prof. Wilson, and of the older Scotch Professors, Brown, Stewart, Reid, &c., have constituted no small item in the fame of the Scotch universities. Most of our Faculty at Middletown are yet in early manhood; if they give themselves with a befitting enthusiasm to this mode of instruction, I doubt not that they will add a new and effectual attraction to the university. Instruction by lectures, while it affords many advantages to the pupil, secures also to the professor, who has genuine talent, the opportunity of distinguishing himself from that grade of mere mediocrities to which the ordinary mode of hearing recitations, alike admits dull inferiority and reduces really brilliant ability. The European custom of exclusive lectures is liable to serious objections—neither mode should indeed be exclusively followed, but they should be combined as it is proposed to have them at Middletown.

Designing to return to Boston by a circuitous route, via the Hudson River, I left Middletown the day following the commencement for New York, in company with my brother editor of the Christian Advocate and Journal. I have spent a few days in its vicinity, during which I have made some very agreeable excursions; one of them was, of course, to Greenwood Cemetery, a place that I seldom or never fail to visit when at New York, both for its quiet and pensive associations and its almost melancholy scenery. In the latter respect it is far superior to any other cemetery in our own country, and indeed in Europe. Pere la Chaise, the most notable one in Europe, commands no interesting prospect except that of Paris itself; its surface is varied by little, and that variation consists mostly in one or two broad terraces; its monuments and celebrated dead constitute its attraction. Laurel Hill at Philadelphia is but a flower garden compared with Greenwood; the bad taste with which it is cut up into mere floral patches is hardly redeemed by its beautiful glimpses of the scenery of the Schuylkill. Mount Auburn abounds in deep shadowy spots—solemn sepulchral sites—the variations of its surface afford an almost endless series of scenery; each picture, however, is very limited, and excepting from one point it lacks entirely that breadth of view which crowns real grandeur the scenery of Greenwood. Mount Auburn is too beginning to resemble somewhat Laurel Hill; its minute sub-divisions is fast tending to the resemblance of flower garden plots; its very considerable extent and great disparity of surface, and above all its dense foliage will always secure it from utter degeneracy in this respect. Trees are the true ornament of a cemetery—lofty, outspread, crowded trees, casting deep and far shadows and mounting over the dead in the murmuring breezes. Flowers are indeed appropriate to the grave, but chiefly for their emblematic significance, and this is always best conveyed, like a good thought or a strong emotion, by brief expression. We are too profuse in this ornament—we not only make a grave-mound itself a flower bed, but the whole lot is often a flower garden, and the very fence a flat hedge.

You must excuse these general remarks; you know I have a special interest in such homes of the dead, and that perhaps Boston contains no more frequent visitor to her noble cemetery than your humble servant. I owe it to some of my holiest hours and best meditations. This fast extending custom of rural and ornamental burial is well known, I know, to some objections, but its advantages are incomparably greater. If it only saved our dense cities from the evils (vastly more momentous than is generally apprehended) of intramural burials, it would be an inseparable blessing; but it has salutary moral effects, it preserves the memories and endearments of the departed. The family burial lot is a suitable counterpart (full of solemn suggestion) to the family home; the designation of our final resting place can hardly fail to remind us the more distinctly of our approaching fate, and these shaded and ornamental groves now so much frequented, afford a resort for the people infinitely superior to any other except the "house of God," in all that appeals to the moral feelings, good taste and even the social sympathies.

The monuments of Greenwood, as well as its scenery, are the best of the kind in the country. The most noted one is that of Charlotte Canda; its design is good, but it is spoilt by excessive extravagance, and has involved an extravagant expenditure—not less, it is said, than \$20,000, though I cannot vouch for this report. It is, however, an amiable example of parental affection, though too much like that Dickens exemplifies in the grandfather of his dear "little Nell." This monument is said to have ruined the family, a rare and even touching instance of affection—and that too for an adopted child. Unquestionably the best monument in the cemetery is that of the Firemen. It is throughout in genuine good taste—well located, well proportioned, significant in its emblems, and most spirited in the statue which it supports.

The very lately a serious evil, unknown to us in New England, marred the neighborhood of this cemetery. I refer to the "saloons" which crowded the access to it. The proprietors had no control over these neighboring houses, and could not purchase them in order to remove the nuisance. They, however, hit upon a successful expedient; they purchased the exterior lands to a considerable extent, at another point of the grounds, quite out of the way of these houses, and have opened there a new and beautiful entrance, and, by prohibiting all admission except to funerals by the old one, have thus thrown the

numerous structures about the latter quite out of the way.

Another excursion which I made while at New York was to the Female Institute of my old friend Rev. Wm. H. Gilder, at Flushing, L. L. The passage thither, of ten miles, on the East River, was surpassingly fine; it gives you a view of the public buildings on Blackwell's Island, the elegant country seats which dot both shores, and the ever varying picturesque scenery which adorns them. The passage is made in a fine little steamer at the fine little price of 12 1/2 cents. "Cheap fares" abound at New York; omnibus conveyance to almost any distance in the city is but six cents, and ferry fares in all directions and in many cases for several miles, but twelve cents.

Mr. Gilder's seminary is noted as the St. Thomas's Hall of Rev. Dr. Hawks, who expended, it is said, nearly a hundred thousand dollars upon it. This expenditure ruined the projector, and the noble edifice came into the hands of the present proprietor, at about one tenth of its cost. It is a large quadrangular range of varying Gothic structures, including halls, reception rooms, sitting rooms, recitation rooms, dormitories, saloons, chapel, (a beautiful specimen of Gothic style,) bath rooms, dining hall, kitchen, &c., &c., amounting in all to some seventy apartments, and enclosing a large court-yard, which is adorned by a fountain and noble willows, and surrounded by a sort of corridor or covered walk. The whole edifice is embosomed in foliage and surrounded by beautiful walks. The course of instruction is thorough, embracing all the classic and modern languages, drawing, panting and instrumental music. The village is remarkably healthy, and the religious influence of the institution has thus far been very salutary. The daughters of our wealthy families, in various parts of the country have been under Mr. Gilder's care, and he has the reputation of an accomplished teacher. In fine, I consider this one of the noblest literary establishments under the patronage of our church.

I found at Flushing Mr. Strong, whose able critical and exegitical articles in the Methodist Quarterly I have commended to the attention of our readers. He lives there in "elegant leisure," if an assiduous literary life can be so called. Mr. Strong's example is worthy of particular notice, as it is quite rare in our Mammon-serving nation. He is yet a young man, but being independently well off, he has separated himself amidst his gardens in the quiet retirement of Flushing, and devotes his time entirely to literary labors and enjoyments. His studies have thus far taken a Biblical direction, and I found him laboring with decided skill a large ground plan of the Jewish Temple, in which he furnishes important improvements on the projections hitherto given to the public. He is not, however, a clergyman, nor even an exhorter, except, he said to us, "in a small way" occurring at a prayer meeting. His example, as a layman, of devotion to sacred studies is a rare one in our day, much more so than it would have been a century ago. It is not, however, in this respect alone that I commend him to the imitation of our educated young men, and particularly to his fellow alumni of our university, but to his resistance of the prevalent money making spirit—the national pecuniary appetite—is an instance of self-control and elevated feeling worthy of all commendation.

We shall never have a national literature or a national literature till our men of genius and education, resisting the national absorption of material interests, shall thus give themselves up to the study and meditation of the divine scriptures, and become themselves the apostles of the gospel. We were hurrying in, hands were shaken, cheeks kissed, eyes glistened tears, the pilot was aboard, the word was given, "cast off," the fastenings were loosed, tacks hauled home, and off she started for a race of 3,000 miles! Two hours took us down outside "the Graves," her course was set East Southeast, and the pilot boat Phantom run up to us, sent a small boat, the pilot wishing us a good run, swung himself into her, pulled away, and we are cut off from the New World. The breeze was light, and the surface of the water smooth, but by the time darkness came upon us, the good city of Boston, with her tall spires and lofty dome, was below the horizon. I felt a sadness stealing over me, and repeating the hymn

"My native land, good night."

I went below and "turned in;" but not to sleep, for the boards on which I lay were well seasoned, and my conscience, not so soft as green ones would have been; and, moreover, as the adipose matter on my skeleton is in the minus quantity, the prominent points thereof came in impressive proximity with the bottom of my crib. My sad dilemma had three horns, and on these I hung, shifting my position like a skilful politician, from the other—and the all while endeavoring to quote some lines from the "Bard of Avon."

"Sleep, gentle sleep, how have I frighted thee!" but I could get no farther, for evident was it to me that the most oblique intellect how I had frightened her—I had not the "appliances and means to boot," to win her to my couch! and so I turned, and tossed and groaned—and finally turned out. But it is due to "Train & Co." that this master be explained, lest not only sleep be frightened from my couch, but a stampede should take place among the dollars now wending their way to their pockets.

I had not made up my mind to take this packet until the day she was advertised to sail, and then the state rooms were all taken up, except a small one; this I took but a few days, he suffered much on the 13th, and on the 14th lost the use of his reason. From this time to the day of his death, he fancied himself in his leisure room, and continued to talk upon the subjects of his lectures, especially referring to passages he had often commented on in the New Testament, and to his usual conversations on the early history of the church. Neander died on the 17th, all large ships but two. Rev. Mr. Thurston preached on deck to a gaudy company. A number of Catholics listened with attention. We have on board, crew and passengers, in all 80 souls. When the weather permits we have evening prayers on deck, and a good number attend. Our second Sabbath was a beautiful day, with light winds; we sailed on this day 17 sail, all large ships but two. Rev. Mr. Thurston preached on deck to a gaudy company. A number of Catholics listened with attention. We have on board, crew and passengers, in all 80 souls. When the weather permits we have evening prayers on deck, and a good number attend. Our second Sabbath was a beautiful day, with light winds; we sailed on this day 17 sail, all large ships but two. Rev. Mr. Thurston preached on deck to a gaudy company. A number of Catholics listened with attention. We have on board, crew and passengers, in all 80 souls. When the weather permits we have evening prayers on deck, and a good number attend. Our second Sabbath was a beautiful day, with light winds; we sailed on this day 17 sail, all large ships but two. Rev. Mr. Thurston preached on deck to a gaudy company. A number of Catholics listened with attention. We have on board, crew and passengers, in all 80 souls. When the weather permits we have evening prayers on deck, and a good number attend. Our second Sabbath was a beautiful day, with light winds; we sailed on this day 17 sail, all large ships but two. Rev. Mr. Thurston preached on deck to a gaudy company. A number of Catholics listened with attention. We have on board, crew and passengers, in all 80 souls. When the weather permits we have evening prayers on deck, and a good number attend. Our second Sabbath was a beautiful day, with light winds; we sailed on this day 17 sail, all large ships but two. Rev. Mr. Thurston preached on deck to a gaudy company. A number of Catholics listened with attention. We have on board, crew and passengers, in all 80 souls. When the weather permits we have evening prayers on deck, and a good number attend. Our second Sabbath was a beautiful day, with light winds; we sailed on this day 17 sail, all large ships but two. Rev. Mr. Thurston preached on deck to a gaudy company. A number of Catholics listened with attention. We have on board, crew and passengers, in all 80 souls. When the weather permits we have evening prayers on deck, and a good number attend. Our second Sabbath was a beautiful day, with light winds; we sailed on this day 17 sail, all large ships but two. Rev. Mr. Thurston preached on deck to a gaudy company. A number of Catholics listened with attention. We have on board, crew and passengers, in all 80 souls. When the weather permits we have evening prayers on deck, and a good number attend. Our second Sabbath was a beautiful day, with light winds; we sailed on this day 17 sail, all large ships but two. Rev. Mr. Thurston preached on deck to a gaudy company. A number of Catholics listened with attention. We have on board, crew and passengers, in all 80 souls. When the weather permits we have evening prayers on deck, and a good number attend. Our second Sabbath was a beautiful day, with light winds; we sailed on this day 17 sail, all large ships but two. Rev. Mr. Thurston preached on deck to a gaudy company. A number of Catholics listened with attention. We have on board, crew and passengers, in all 80 souls. When the weather permits we have evening prayers on deck, and a good number attend. Our second Sabbath was a beautiful day, with light winds; we sailed on this day 17

FUNERAL SOLEMNITIES.—The Saturday Evening Post, has the following remarks on this subject:—"We must confess for ourselves, that we have no great admiration of these public funeral solemnities. Parades and public processions are in their nature mournful, unless the very presence of death be near to give a tone of solemnity to the proceedings. Such was the procession at Washington, which followed the body of the noble old commander and President to the tomb; but such are not these mock processions, with empty hearse, and a counterfeit old Whitemy."

REV. J. F. EATON, of the New Hampshire Conference, died at Lebanon, on Friday, 9th inst.

INQUIRY.—I wish to inquire of the Presiding Elder of the Portland District or of any one who will answer, if the Minutes of the Maine Conference are in readiness, and where they may be obtained? Yours,
JOHN CLOUGH.
Berwick, Me., Aug. 13.

Science and the Arts.

REMINGTON'S BRIDGE.—A Remington bridge has been erected in Montgomery, Alabama, and was opened for travel on the 8th ult. The span is 436 feet, and the track is 10 feet wide. It is without handrails, and is described as looking, at a distance, like a single ribbon or shaving of wood flung across a ravine—apparently too frail to bear the pressure of a bird, but proved to be capable of bearing almost any amount of weight that can be placed upon it. Hundreds of people crossed it on the day it was opened, and are completely convinced of its strength.

This bridge, says the *Courier and Empire*, is exciting little attention, both in England and in this country. The principle which gives to this bridge its peculiar construction is its longitudinal supports, which give to them all the tenacity that wood has when it is sought to be drawn apart. Thus this bridge is capable of sustaining as great weight as would be required to pull *asunder* the fibers of the longitudinal supports. No wooden bridge can be built of so great a span. Mr. Remington believes that he can build a span at least 1,320 feet in length, while the span of the old wooden bridge at Fairmount, which was one of the largest in the world, was but little over 300 feet! The animals of mechanical art afford few instances where a great invention has been developed and prosecuted under such adverse circumstances as this, and we are glad that Mr. Remington is at last obtaining the reward of his perseverance.

It has been recently announced that the ammoniacal waters of gas manufacturers contain iodine. This fact is confirmed by another discoverer, in similar products, bromine in large quantities.

Water can be preserved in a pure state by mixing with it the black oxyde of manganese. A French chemist kept water thus prepared for seven years. After exposing it to various temperatures, he found, on opening the cask, that the water was limpid, free from smell, and of as good quality as ever.

Pulverized plaster of Paris, well dried, and mixed with rather more than one-fifth its weight of powdered charcoal, is recommended as a cheap and most effective poison for removing the noxious effects of decomposing organic matter.

Foul air in wells may be completely driven out by throwing in a quantity of unslaked lime.

The celebrated astronomer, Gaspari, has discovered a new planet (the ninth) between Mars and Jupiter.

Mr. Alinor Clark, of Southfield, Richmond County, Staten Island, has invented an improvement on pitchforks, consisting in the manner by which he can transform the fork from one of two prongs, to three prongs, so as to make it more suitable for forking and pitching both long and short hay, &c., as may be desired.

A Mr. Meade, of Albany, N. Y., has succeeded in imparting permanent colors to the daguerreotype, by means of chemical substances which are applied during the process.

There is a French Canadian boy at St. Hyacinthe, who has constructed a working model of a steam locomotive, complete in all its parts, about eighteen inches in length, without any assistance or instruction even in the use of tools. He is only about fourteen years of age, and has had to make for himself every implement necessary for his work, with the exception of one or two files.

Experiments made in England prove that iron vessels are undited for war, the effect of cannon-balls upon iron hulls being far more disastrous than upon those of wood.

The Maine Farmer states that an ingenious Yankee has invented a machine for milking cows, so that a quart of milk can be drawn from the udder in one minute.

The question recurring on the final passage of the bill, Mr. Achinstein gave an amendment. Carried.

House.—Mr. Giddings of Ohio, opposed the claim of Texas to the boundaries she set up, and insisted on adopting the ancient limits of New Mexico. He opposed also paying \$10,000,000 to Texas.

Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, spoke as to the necessity of curtailing the expenses of Government, which would amount to \$25,000,000 this year, and ought not to be paid.

Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, dissented from the powers assumed in the President's Texas and New Mexico message, and avowed himself in favor of any reasonable compromise. Adjourned.

SENATE.—Tuesday, Aug. 13.—The Senate took up the bill to cede the public lands to the States; Mr. Walker, of Wisconsin, moved an amendment, and proceeded with a speech in favor of the bill discussing the labor and land reform questions generally.

The Land Bill was postponed till Monday, and the California Bill was taken up on its final passage. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, proceeded to enter his solemn warning against passing it. The bill was an equivalent to the Texas Bill, and a gross outrage to the South, and a flagrant aggression upon the rights of the minority. Every thing sacred and desirable, that hitherto had been exterminated from all that long line of African coast.

Mr. Clemens, of Alabama, then stated his objections to the bill. Mr. Clemens avowed his purpose by statute in his state in any measure she might adopt.

Mr. Houston, of Texas, gave an explanation and defense of his course and vote on the engrossment, expressing patriotic and national sentiments. Mr. Barnwell, of South Carolina, expressed his views on the subject. Mr. Jefferson Davis replied to Mr. Houston, taking him to task for interfering with Mississippi Affairs. A debate followed; after which, the bill was passed by 36 to 16.

Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, gave notice that a portion of the minority would ask leave to-morrow to have a protest against the admission of California entered on the journals.

The Douglas, of Illinois, moved that the bill for a Territorial Government for New Mexico be taken up, and that it be made the special order, which was carried. Then moved that it be the order for to-morrow; afterwards attacked a party of "Mustangers," killed seven and wounded nine men.

House.—After a long struggle to amend the rules, the House voted to sustain the Committee of the Whole.

Mr. Seaman, of Virginia, being entitled to the floor, made a compact to protect the Mexicans from the Camanches.

Governor Bell has issued commissions for raising troops in almost every county, for Santa Fe, to be ready to march on the 1st September.

Lieut. Thomas Mason was drowned in the Rio Grande.

THIRTY LIVES LOST.—A terrible disaster happened at Lynnfield to a Pie-Nest party from Lynn, on Thursday last.

It seems that a large party connected mostly with Rev. J. H. Currier's society went to Lynnfield on a Pic Nic excursion, and selected a convenient spot on the borders of the Lynnfield Hollow. At two o'clock a party of twenty-five were seated around a large flat-bottomed boat on the pond. By some accident, yet unexplained, the boat upset when but one hundred yards from the shore, and thirteen of the party were drowned.

After further debate the subject was postponed.

On motion of Mr. Douglas, on the Territorial Bill, the parts relative to Utah and Texas Boundary question were stricken out, and the boundaries amended to conform to the Texas and California bills, all without discussion.

Mr. Douglass then moved a proviso that Government is not to go into operation until the Texas boundary is settled by mutual assent. Mr. Underwood and others opposed.

Mr. Douglass's amendment instead, that the operation of that act be confined to the territory actually settled and occupied by New Mexico at the time of election to the United States, and not to include territory in dispute with Texas. Rejected 8 to 6.

Mr. Douglass's amendment was slightly modified and carried.

Mr. Douglass offered an amendment, that when New Mexico, or any portion, is admitted to the Union, it be received with or without slavery, as their constitution may provide.

Mr. Chase, of Ohio, offered an amendment excluding slavery from the territory—rejected, 20 to 25.

Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire, proposed two amendments—the same provisions as to the Utah bill for wants of error, apecus, and Habeas corpus, in slave cases—adopted.

Mr. Hale then moved to engrossment viva voce.

House.—After an unsuccessful attempt by Mr. Nelson, to get into the bill a provision against the removal of the property of Indians, and by Mr. Foote, of New York, to introduce a resolution requiring the expediency of directing permanent fortifications at Sandy Hook, Mr. Preston King called the order of business, which was Mr. Jones' motion relating five minute speeches.

Mr. Foote moved to adjourn. The bill was agreed to, 120 to 47.

Mr. Colly of Alabama, moved the reconsideration of the vote. The object was to procrastinate. He wanted the crisis to come quickly.

Mr. Morse then proceeded to denounce the unrelenting majority.

Mr. Foote replied to some remarks of Mr. Ashmun, that he could not stand division ground. The South could not get protection under the Union. Let it go down. If hope of the President should march an army on Texas, it would be met sword in hand.

General Intelligence.

AN EXCITING SLAVE CASE.—A Washington correspondent of the New York express gives the following chapter for a history of slavery:

"The runaway slaves have been so numerous of late, that the Legislature of the abolitionists here have passed a law, and declared, that the owners of this species of property have become very much alarmed, and hence are disposed to remove them to safer parts of the United States, or to sell them to slave traders. A cruel incident of this kind is exciting great sympathy at present. The family of William Williams, the conductor of the fugitive slave, has been separated from their home and friends, and are now in a distant city, off to Baltimore, to be sent to New Orleans. His wife, over fifty years of age, three daughters, and three grand-children, were thus snatched from an hour to a fate worse than death to him, to be sold South to the highest bidder, and separated from their friends, and from their home and friends, and are now in a distant city, off to Baltimore, to be sent to New Orleans. 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A SONG FOR OLD CAPE COD.

EDWARD G. ABBOTT.
A song for the Cape! the pleasant Cape!
With its pine-trees waving free!
And its fields of rye, that bend in the breeze
That bloweth across the sea!

A free and joyous song for thee,
A song for old Cape Cod!

On a lover's spot the waves never beat;
And footsteps never trod.

As a fond mother, with a heaving breast,
Old Ocean wraps thee round,

And her wild hymn of love she chants
With a glad and grateful sound.

Sometimes with a murmuring soft and low,
A lullaby sweet she sings;

As the summer sun in the Western sky
Goes down on its golden wings—

And the bright waters, with a gentle flow
Come to kiss the sparkling sand—

Wavelets that rippled long ago
On many a distant strand.

But oft, at the beck of the God of storms,
Will the Atlantic surges roar,

And the ocean furies call their forms
Against the wild sea shore—

The lightnings flash, and I see the waves
With their white caps dancing high;

A moment—and falter the midnight black,
Like a pall over sea and sky.

The sun is up—and the storm is past;

But the waves still heavily roll;

And the great sea teleth, in every pulse,
Of its strong and struggling soul.

But the bright and fair, and beautiful,
Is the theme for old Cape Cod,

The loveliest shore the waves ever kissed,
Or a pilgrim ever trod!

A hymn to the Cape! the glorious Cape,
With its fields of waving rye,

The flowers that bloom, and the trees that sing
As the ocean breeze goes by!

A song for the girls of old Cape Cod,
Their loveliness and grace—

The fairest flowers by the ocean side,
And beauty in every face!

A song for the thousand brave old hearts
That rest from the stormy sea—

No prouder home than the Cape for them,

The home of the brave and the free!

Osterville, July 20. Barnstable Patriot.

PRESS ON."

A RIVULET'S SONG.

"Just under an island, 'midst reshes and moss,
I was born of a rock-spring, and dew;

I was shaded by trees, whose branches and leaves
Never suffered the sun to gaze through.

"I wandered around the steep brow of a hill,
Where the daisies and violets fair

We shaking the mist from their wakening eyes,
And pouring their breath on the air.

"Then I crept gently on, and I moistened the feet
Of a shrub which enfolded a nest—

The bird in return sang his merriest song,

And showed me his feather crest.

"How joyous I felt in the bright afternoon,
When the sun, rising off the West,

Came out in red gold from behind the green trees,

And burnished my tremulous breast!

"My memory now can return to the time

When the breeze murmured low, plaintive tones,

While I wasted the day in dancing away;

Or playing with pebbles and stones.

"It points to the hour when the rain pattered down,

Off resting awhile in the trees;

Then quickly descending it ruffled my calm,

And whispered to me of the seas!

"T was then the first wish found a home in my breast

To increase as times hurried along;

T was then I first learned to lisp softly the words

Which I now love so proudly—"Press on!"

"I'll make wider my bed, as onward I tread,

A deep, mighty river I'll be—

Press on all the will I sing on my way,

Till I enter the far-spreading sea!"

It ceased. A youth lingered beside its green edge

Till the stars in its face brightly shone;

He hoped the sweet strain would re-echo again—

But he just heard a murmur—"Press on!"

SKETCHES.

From the Guide to Holiness.

A PRECIOUS INTERVIEW.

We are indebted to Dr. Bangs for a valuable extract from some part of the writings of Mrs. Hester Ann Rogers, which have not been published in this country. It is an account of a meeting of herself, and other kindred spirits, with Mr. Fletcher, and contains an interesting sketch of Mr. Fletcher's experience. Mrs. Rogers writes

"I was kept all the morning in solemn expectation of blessings in seeing and conversing with Mr. Fletcher; till just before he arrived it was suggested, 'Thou wilt be disappointed; thou art expecting from man, and not from God.' For a moment my faith seemed staggered; but I fell on my knees before the Lord, owning him as the only source of all my hope and happiness; and he so filled me with his love, that nature was almost overpowered, and I felt as if I must have expired at his feet, had not tears relieved me.

"During these happy moments of communion with my God, Mr. Fletcher, Miss Bosanquet, and Mrs. Crosby arrived. When I entered the room where they were assembled, the heavenly man was giving out the following verses, with such animation as I have seldom witnessed:

"Near us, assisting Jesus, stand;
Give us the opening heavens to see;
Thee to behold at God's right hand,
And yield our parting souls to Thee.

"My Father, O my Father, hear,
And send the fiery chariot down!
Let Israel's flaming steeds appear,
And whirl us to the starry crown!

"We, who would die for Jesus, too,
Through tortures, fires, and seas of blood;
And all triumphantly break through,
And plunge into the depths of God!

After this, he poured out his full soul to God in prayer. Indeed, his every breath seemed to be a continuance of prayer or praise, or spiritual instruction; and every word that fell from his lips appeared to be accompanied by unction from above.

"After dinner, he inquired respecting Miss L., saying he had seen my letters to her. I took out her last to me, which he desired me to read; and kindly explained several things he had written to her, which she did not clearly comprehend; particularly that (in his words) 'all who enjoy perfect love, possess also the gift of prophecy.' By this, he said, he did not mean the miraculous gift of foretelling future events; but the magnifying God, by speaking unto men with the new heart of love, and the new tongue of praise; as on the day of Pentecost, those who were filled with the Holy Ghost, glorified God by speaking of his wonderful works, as the Spirit gave them utterance. This utterance he called the gift of prophecy; and earnestly insisted, that we might all prove the same baptismal fire of love that descended on

that day on the primeval church, seeing the promise was unto them and to their children, and to all them that are afar off, even many as the Lord our God shall call. That we, as they, if we assert our privilege, may, with great power, bear witness of the grace of our Lord Jesus, and spread the flame of love we feel, by speaking unto edification, and exhortation, and comfort, among all our acquaintance. One hundred and twenty such souls he believed would set the world on fire.

"But he observed the reason why those perfect in love did not more fully spread the savor of grace was, because they do not, in general, plead for a more abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit, both in his gifts and graces. He then earnestly exhorted all present to seek this fulness of love, and this gift of utterance; and taking my hand, proceeded, 'Will you, my sister, be one who shall spread the sacred flame? Come, my friend, I will covenant with you: we will join to magnify the Lord, and bear our testimony before men and angels. Will you?'

"In deep humility, but filled with the presence and power of God, I answered, with flowing tears, 'In the strength of Jesus, I will.'

"'Glory be to God! glory be to God!' said he, many times over; and his holy soul was filled with praise. Lord, strengthen thy feeble dust to keep this covenant unto death!

"I had a solemn season of communion with God before the meeting, in Mr. Smith's parlor. When we came there, after singing and prayer, Mr. Fletcher stood up, and said:—

"'My dear brethren and sisters, God is here! I feel him in this place. But I am ashamed; I would hide my face in the dust. I have dishonored my God, and denied my Saviour by not confessing him. I have grieved his Spirit. I have been ashamed and afraid to declare what he hath done for my soul; but I am sensible of my folly, and deeply humbled on account thereof, and he has restored my soul.'

"Last Wednesday evening, he instructed and commanded me by his word, 'Reckon yourselves, therefore, to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God, through Jesus Christ.' I obeyed the voice of God, and now obey it, by declaring to the praise of his love, I am freed from sin. Yea, I now bear witness, to the glory of his grace, 'I am dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God through Jesus Christ,' who is my Lord, and reigns over every motion in my soul.

"I have received this blessing four or five times before; but I grieved the Spirit of God by not making confession, and as often I let it go. I lost it by not observing and obeying the order of God, who hath told us, 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation;' which latter I neglected.

"Once the tempter suggested, 'What you cannot be the blessing; perfection is something higher. You are not delivered from mistakes, ignorances, real errors in judgment, in memory, &c., therefore, though you are delivered from sinful tempers, you ought not to make a profession that you are holy.' I listened to these things, and soon discovered I had lost what God had bestowed.

"When I had re-obtained the same glorious deliverance, the bait was offered under another form. The enemy now said, 'Wait a few days, or weeks, and see if the fruits of sanctification appear, before you profess so great a salvation.' I had no sooner yielded to wait for the fruits, but I began to doubt of the witness, which before I had felt in my heart; and was in a little time sensible I had lost both.

"A third time, with shame I confess it, I was kept from being a witness for my Lord, by the suggestion, 'Thou art a public character, a city set upon a hill; the world and professors have all an eye upon thee; and if sometimes I let it go. I lost it by not observing and obeying the order of God, who hath told us, 'With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.'

"A fourth time Satan prevailed over a worm by, 'It is true, thou art freed from sin,—thou knowest that Gospel-perfection is perfect love; that love is the fulfilling of the law, not of Adam, but of Gospel grace; and that many ignorances, mistakes, &c., are consistent with perfect love; but how many thousands will not believe this! How many affirm that every transgression of the Adamic law,—the law of perfect innocence suited to Adam's sinless nature, his perfect body and soul,—every transgression of this law, is sin! and, therefore, if thou professest thyself freed from sin, all these will give thy profession the lie. Enjoy, therefore, what God hath wrought in thy soul, and hold it fast; without declaring publicly, 'I am freed from sin; I am holy; I am perfect in love.'

"But again I found, 'he that hideth his Lord's talent, and improvest it not, from that unprofitable servant shall be taken away even that he hath.'

"Now, my brethren, you see my folly:—I have confessed in your presence, and now I resolve in your presence also, henceforth I will confess my master to all the world. And I declare unto you, in the presence of God the Holy Trinity, I am now dead indeed unto sin."

"I do not say, I am crucified with Christ, because some of our well-meaning brethren say this can be meant a gradual dying unto sin, for a man who is crucified is a long time in dying; but I profess unto you I am dead unto sin, and that as effectually as my original nature was free from righteousness. But then, if our good brethren the Calvinists will still insist, Every ignorance, every involuntary mistake, is sin, we will not quarrel; then, in this sense, I am not freed from sin, for I am not freed from these things. But if I may venture to believe my Lord Jesus, if love be the fulfilling of the law, then I know that these things are consistent with love, with a single eye, and a pure heart; and I therefore dare to reckon thus in the presence of you all; and I mean to declare myself henceforth, before men and angels, 'dead indeed unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ.'

"Mind, he is still through Jesus, and in Jesus, not independent of him, or separate from him. I have taken him to be my Prophet, Priest, and King; my indwelling Holiness; my All in All. He is all I want; and I wait for the more full and entire fulfilment of that prayer of Christ, 'Let them be one in us'; even that pentecostal blessing, that baptism of the Spirit poured out on the whole church now upon earth, that shall make us all of one heart and one mind. O for the pure primeval flame! O for the fulness of the dispensation of the Holy Ghost! My brethren and sisters, pray, pray, pray, for this effusion of the Spirit! Wrestle, agonize with God till it be given."

"Then he called upon all present to confess the Lord Jesus. 'And if any,' said he, 'have not the gift of utterance, pray for it, and it shall be given. You are commanded to "covet earnestly" and to pray for gifts, not for your own sake, but for that of the church. A man with gifts is like the king in disguise; he appears as a subject only. You are kings and priests unto God: Put on your robes, and wear on your garb, conspicuous to all, Holiness to the Lord! Reckon yourselves now dead indeed unto sin.'

"You who are hungering and thirsting after righteousness, what wait you for? Delay not. Unite yourselves to Jesus, your Holiness, by believing; take to yourselves this great salvation; take it now. You must receive it by faith; when you lay hold, and says, 'It is mine.' As when you reckon with your creditor, with your host; and when you have paid all reckoned with yourself; so now reckon with God. Jesus hath

paid all for thee;—purchased not only thy pardon, but thine inward holiness. Now it is God's command, 'Reckon thyself dead indeed unto sin,' freed from sin, and alive unto God, now, this moment. O reckon now! Fear not; believe, believe, believe! and continue to believe every moment; for it is retained, as it is received, by faith alone. Whosoever thou art that wilt perseveringly believe, it will be as a fire in thy bosom, and constrain thee to confess with thy mouth, thy Lord and King, Jesus! and in spreading the sacred flame of love thou wilt be saved to the very uttermost.

"My dear brethren, make a noble confession this night. Hide nothing from us that the Lord hath done for you. Yea, strengthen my hands, and let us offer the sacrifice of peace."

"After Mr. Fletcher ceased to speak, about thirty witnessed for Jesus, that they, through grace, were dead unto sin, and alive unto God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Numbers were so affected that they could not speak; I felt what was truly unutterable; I sunk into nothing; I was lost in the fulness of the Truth God!

"When the meeting was concluded, Mr. F., taking hold of my hand, said, 'Glory be to God, my dear sister, for the testimony you have borne this night!' and still holding my hand between his, he repeated several times, 'Glory be to God!' I was so fresh filled with a weight of love, that I was constrained to retire, and vent my full soul in tears before the Lord."

CHILDREN.

BEHAVIOR AT CHURCH.

When safe preserved from week to week
You seek God's house of prayer,
Do not with vain and worldly thoughts
Presume to enter there.

How oft the wandering eyes betray
The heart unfix'd on heaven;

Even while with feign'd lips you pray
To have your sins forgiven.

'Tis not enough to bend the knee,
And heartless voice to raise;

God is a Spirit, and requires
The Spirit's prayer and praise.

He sees each secret of your heart,
Though't from man concealed;

Its pride, its vanity, and guile;

All are to Him revealed.

But if one humble wish is there,
More of his will to know;

You may be sure the God of love
Will see and bless that too.

Then pray, when entering in his courts,
That He will give you grace

To hear, to read, to mark, to learn,
And run the heavenly race.

THE WILLOW, POPPY, AND VIOLET.

A child held in his hand a slight leafless bough. It was like a supple green wand. But it had been newly cut from the parent stock, and life stirred in its little heart.

He sought out a sheltered spot, and planted it in the moist earth. Often did he visit it, and when the rains of summer were withheld, he watered it at the cool sunset.

The sap, which is the blood of plants, began to flow freely through its tender vessels. A tiny root, like a thread, crept downward, and around the head was a bursting forth of faint green leaves.

Seasons passed over it, and it became a tree.

Its slender branches drooped downward to the earth. The cheering sun smiled upon them; the happy birds sang to them; but they drooped still.

"A fourth time Satan prevailed over a worm by,